

Porter Wagoner, Bottom Of The Bottle

At the bottom of the bottle is where a man can hide
When he must cross a river he knows is too wide
When the bottle is empty even heartaches are gone
Though his eyes can't see no one he don't feel alone
Come go with me to the bottom of the bottle
On our way down we may meet fond memories
I talk better from the bottom of the bottle
Come join the man who she left so helplessly
(steel)
They all tell me that last night my baby came in
And she walked to my table to forgive me again
My eyes caught a memory and my mind tried in vain
I said your face looks familiar but I can't call your name
Come go with me...